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December 20, 1944



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# THE TATLER

LONDON  
DECEMBER 20, 1944

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*Dorothy Wilding*

## Lady Willoughby de Broke: A New Portrait

The wife of Group Captain Lord Willoughby de Broke, M.C., A.F.C., of Woodley House, Kineton, Warwickshire, was formerly Miss Rachel Wrey. She is the daughter of the late Sir Bouchier Sherard Wrey, 11th Baronet, and of Mrs. Godfrey Heseltine, and was married in 1933. Lord Willoughby de Broke, formerly a Captain in the 17/21st Lancers, now a Group Captain, commanded the No. 605 A.A.F. Squadron from 1936-40. Since 1939 he has been Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, where he owns some 600 acres. The Willoughby de Brokes have one son, born in 1938, and a daughter of two years old





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Problem

IF anybody has ever doubted that the peace will bring almost as many problems in all countries as the war itself, they have been given fair warning by recent events in Europe. The situation in Greece is deplored by all, and particularly by those who know what efforts have been made to restore this brave and resourceful country to a state of independence, stability and freedom. The results, so far, have been disappointing; most disappointing when one considers that in Athens the conception of democracy was first nurtured.

In Italy the political parties are as divided and as diverse as they are in Greece. The necessities of unity in the national interest appear to receive as little response. I fail to see why the British Government, whose war record is unequalled by any other nation, should be blamed for this state of affairs. But it is obvious that there are people at home and abroad who would like to rid themselves of responsibility and throw the blame on others. Yet nobody has been more scrupulous in his attempts to shape and to pilot his post-war policies than Mr. Winston Churchill. His defence of the Government in his recent House of Commons speech will stand the test of time, although it may yet prove to be the undoing of his present Government.

## Reactions

THE effect of Mr. Churchill's speech on foreign opinion and in the United States will have to be watched before any judgment can be passed. Mr. Churchill found it necessary to address a large part of his remarks to the United States and to Mr. Edward Stettinius, Junr., the new Secretary of State, in particular, on account of the criticisms which had emanated from Washington. No man has tried more than Mr. Churchill to maintain co-ordination of thought and action among the Allied powers. He has strained himself and

his colleagues and supporters in his efforts to march in step with the policy of the United States. For this reason the snub which Mr. Stettinius administered to the British Government and published for the world to read regarding their policy towards Italy was all the more bewildering to people in this country as well as in the United States.

## Personalities

IN the affairs of nations and governments even the greatest issues can be reduced in their finality to personalities. Personalities make policies. Mr. Churchill's personality requires no delineation here or anywhere else. It is well known, and should be understood as clearly as his prescription for winning the war, which in those early days he described as "blood, toil, sweat and tears." Mr. Stettinius is a man in the middle forties without any previous experience in the conduct of foreign affairs. He has not had the opportunity to serve an apprenticeship in world politics such as has been the experience of Mr. Anthony Eden. As Administrator of Lend-Lease, Mr. Stettinius showed himself to be a great friend of Britain. He used all the experience he had gained as a most successful young man in big business in the United States to organize one of the greatest schemes of mutual aid the world has ever known.

Why did President Roosevelt choose this comparatively inexperienced politician to succeed Mr. Cordell Hull as the director of the foreign policy of the United States? According to what Mr. Stettinius is supposed to have said, the President chose him because "he liked my fervour, my spiritual outlook, the way I handled Dumbarton Oaks (the conference to create a new League of Nations) and the way I get along with Congress and Mr. Hull." All these are valid reasons. Yet almost the first act of Mr. Stettinius was to aim a blow, which may yet have serious

political repercussions, at the chief architect of the Allied victory. I truly hope that this does not prove to be true, and that Lord Halifax's discussion with Mr. Stettinius has restored his perspective from Washington and the spirit of co-operation which must persist if the peace is to be secure for all, not only Britain and the United States, but equally for those countries which have suffered oppression and German occupation.

## Intrigue

THE other personality involved in this preview of peace politics is Count Sforza, a man older than Mr. Churchill who lived in exile in the United States for twenty years, and has only this year been able to return to his native Italy because the Allied forces under Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander were victorious in liberating Rome. Mr. Churchill, from the depths of his knowledge of past and current affairs, has had to name Count Sforza as an intriguer whom the British Government would not care to see as the Foreign Minister of Italy. Mr. Churchill was compelled to produce the proof of his charge to the House of Commons in the form of a declaration by Count Sforza that he would support Marshal Badoglio, which he has long ceased to do.

The whole business—in Italy and Greece—is an unhappy augury, although its coming now may be a blessing in disguise. It may clarify the problems which all statesmen know must lie ahead, and thereby accentuate the realization in all minds that only by co-operation can peace be ushered into this strife-torn world and tranquillity be assured.

## Success

GENERAL DE GAULLE has achieved an early diplomatic success, one which is calculated to stabilize the political situation in France. France, in the days ahead, can be, and I believe will be, one of the most vital factors in the maintenance of stability on the continent of Europe. There is a great role awaiting her, which she can fill. General de Gaulle's conclusion of a treaty of alliance with Russia, which is the main result of his visit to Moscow, is of great importance to France and to Europe. It follows Mr. Churchill's triumphal journey to Paris for discussions with General de Gaulle and his Ministers, and completes the establishment of France as a great power once more.

The political results of this treaty can have a



Some of the Heroes of Arnhem at an Investiture

With his wife, Major Robert Henry Cain, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, went to receive the Victoria Cross. Although wounded, his courage and devotion to duty were largely responsible for saving a vital sector from enemy hands

Major Bernard Wilson, who received the D.S.O., was accompanied to the investiture by his wife and son. There were more than 60 recipients of decorations, including seven D.S.O.s and 19 Military Crosses





### Decorating S.E.A.C. Men

*Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, recently appointed C-in-C. the 11th Army Group, while awarding decorations in a forward area of his command, stopped to speak to Major P. Longden, R.A.M.C., and Major Ledgard, R.E.*

far-reaching influence throughout France, for it should ensure the continuous amity of all parties who are supporting the present provincial government of France, which is functioning until such time as a general election can be held. The new Franco-Russian Alliance takes its place beside the twenty-year treaty which Mr. Churchill concluded with Marshal Stalin soon after Britain and Russia became allies in the war against Germany.

### Scaffolding

THESE political developments, and I am choosing the positive and not the negative situations in Greece and Italy, are but the scaffolding for the edifice of peace which the nations and their statesmen must build slowly and painfully as the war marches to its appointed end. But I must say that no other factor has arisen such as that in Greece to threaten national unity in Britain where stability has reigned supreme for the greater part of this war. The Labour Party have found

it necessary to sound the alarm and to foster confusion through the reactions of the most politically sentimental of their rank and file. The policy pursued by the British Government in Greece, presumably with the backing of those Labour Ministers in the War Cabinet, has brought to a climax the unrest in the Labour Party regarding their support of the Coalition. Once more, and with greater intensity, the demand has been made for a withdrawal of Labour Ministers from the National Government. The argument is that



### Mr. Sandys Sees U.S. Sappers

*Mr. Duncan Sandys, the newly-appointed Minister of Works, accompanied by Col. Chorper, U.S. Army, paid a visit to some of the 3,000 U.S. Army sappers who are working on the demolition and repair of houses in London*

the rank and file are tired of the strain of co-operating with the Conservatives. The Labour Party wish to resume the game of party politics. Efforts have been made to stem the tide of unrest and, at least, to put off the day of Labour's breakaway. But nobody can foretell what developments can next be expected from the Labour Party. We may have a General Election in this country much sooner than most people anticipate. Not a few people

take this for granted, but shall we have another Coalition Government which those who have a knowledge of affairs think is necessary to see Britain through the difficult days of the peace?

In spite of the cries of Labour extremists, I believe that we shall have another National Government. The influence of Mr. Churchill is still all-powerful. His appeal reaches all corners of the land, where sober-minded politicians and shrewd citizens recognize the necessity of a strong and united national effort for the good of all. Such a national effort will be necessary, not only to secure the social reforms which so many desire, but also to restore the degree of prosperity on which these reforms must be based. Apart from the necessities of the home front, however, there is the bigger problem of international politics. If Britain's voice is to be heard, there are very few people at Westminster who do not recognize that it must be supported by a degree of national unity equal to that which has so far carried us through the difficult days of this war.



### Congresswoman Meets General

*During her tour of the battle zone in Western Europe, Congresswoman Clare Booth Luce was greeted by Lt.-Gen. George S. Patton, who commands the Third United States Army. They enjoyed the meeting*



*The Rev. Robert Talbot Watkins, from Leeds, received the M.C., and Capt. J. Williams, from Cheshire, was awarded the D.S.O. Mrs. Talbot Watkins and Mrs. Williams were there to see their husbands decorated*



*Major W. Neil and his wife went together to the Palace, when he received the D.S.O. Their home is in Lanark. After the decorations were presented the King and Queen inspected the 320 other survivors of Arnhem on parade*

### Inspected and Decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace



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# The Theatre

"Scandal at Barchester" (Wyndham's) By Horace Horsnell

WHY is it, I wonder, that stage versions of popular novels tend to resemble Tuesday's hash of the Sunday joint? And that the more faithful the *réchauffé*, the less succulent, at times, the dish? The film, we know, has a wanton touch in this matter, and can so transmogrify basic material that little but the title of the original remains to tell the tale.

This may not be true of Miss Vera Wheatley's *Scandal at Barchester*, which is evidently the work of a loyal Trollopian. Indeed, there is so much pure Trollope in this dramatization of his lovely *Last Chronicle of Barchester*, that the faithful may be tempted to wish there were more. Not perhaps of his own words, but of the book's atmosphere, which of all its characteristics is both the most indigenous and elusive.

There is, of course, the story's narrative dimensions, which novelist and dramatist handle so differently. Neither time nor space handicap the novelist who, like Puck, can girdle the earth by merely saying so. He need not stint his characters, but can conscript, if he so wishes, an army of supernumeraries, and manœuvre them to his heart's content. They cost nothing but invention.

Not so the dramatist who—unless pure babbling spectacle is his aim, rather than close-knit "argument"—has to consider every moment of time and every inch of space, practise rigid economy in men and material, and choose his dramatis personæ with half an eye on the cost and one and a half on technical expediency. His field of action, too, is rigidly circumscribed—a series of pictures in a frame; and his characters take their cues, not from life, but from dialogue that is, or should be,

not realistic, but a subtle-mannered, artfully contrived convention. Moreover, he does not address his audience direct, but through interpreters.

Small wonder then if something of the book's vitality should escape in translation from the reading lamp to the footlights, or that, despite

conal dignity to placate. As for the cause of the Barchester scandal, Mr. Crawley, the perpetual curate of Hogglestock, he and his sorely afflicted family may be trusted to leave only pedantic withers unwrung.

This is not to belittle the accomplished performances of these parts given by Miss Winifred Oughton, Mr. Milton Rosmer, and Mr. Felix Aylmer respectively, each of which reinforces technical distinction with picturesque authority. What it does suggest is that, just as Cinderella, Alice, and other nursery heroines, encountered off their native heaths, have been known to pass unrecognized by their doting admirers, so some of these Barchester worthies, seen at closer than mind's-eye quarters, may seem to be not quite themselves.

The three interiors in which the action of the play passes—the Plumstead rectory of



Left: Dr. Grantley holds forth to his family. (Milton Rosmer as Dr. Grantley, Beryl Machin as the Marchioness of Harle-top, Joan Henley as Mrs. Grantley and Dennis Price as Major Henry Grantley)

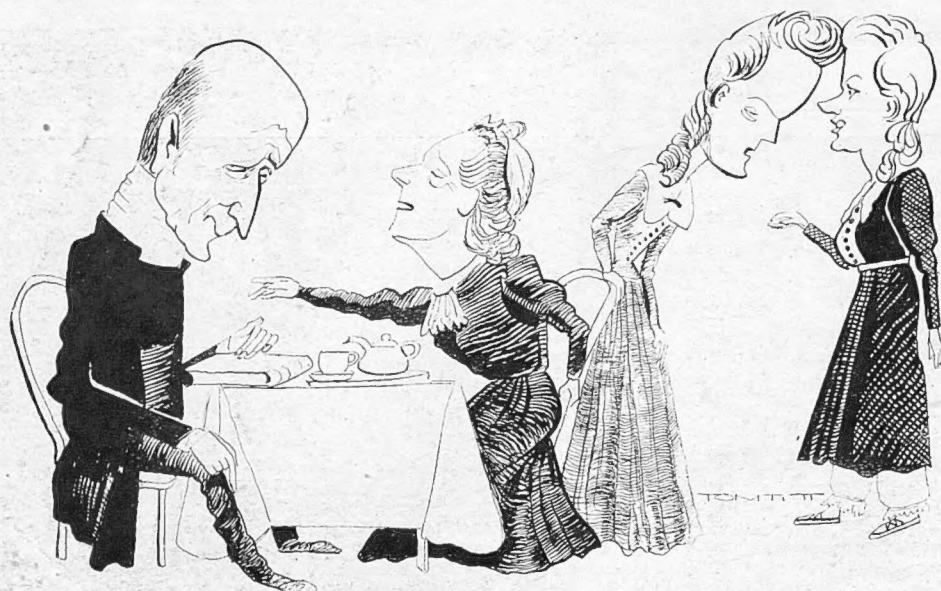
Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Mr. Toogood is a cheerful London attorney (Antony Holles)

ingenious cutting and careful trimming and piecing together, the narrative should occasionally hiccup and, though clear in outline, seem to dwarf or fail to present true likenesses of the leading characters.

Well-tempered playgoers, making their first acquaintance with Trollope in these circumstances, may not feel such things as shortcomings. He (or she) has no jealous memory of, say, Mrs. Proudie to defend, or archidia-



Mr. Crawley, the Perpetual Curate of Hogglestock, reads the Bible to his family (Felix Aylmer as Mr. Crawley, Olga Lindo as Mrs. Crawley, Dorothy Hyson as Grace Crawley and Gwen Cherrell as Jane)

Archdeacon Grantley, the Bishop's study, and the Hogglestock vicarage—are well and, in the last instance, beautifully contrived. The Crawley living-room, indeed, is a lovely and faithful piece of period and dramatic restoration, and a work of scenic art. Its colour, composition, and air of intimate severity strike immediately the true note to which the distressed inmates respond.

Mr. Aylmer, hardly less authoritative in looks and spirit, hovers harrowingly on the subtle border of realism and caricature; and as his long-suffering spouse, Miss Olga Lindo has, so to speak, the song of the shirt in every look and lineament. One would have given Mr. Rosmer's Dr. Grantley more of a rubicund prance, and Miss Oughton's Mrs. Proudie—but who can summarize the ineffable?

The little gallery of contributory portraits includes Miss Dorothy Hyson's starry-eyed Grace Crawley, Mr. Antony Holles' robust Victorian attorney, Miss Joan Henley's well-bred Mrs. Grantley, and the long-settled virtues of Mr. Stanley Lathbury's retired Warden. All these, drawing substance from the book, lend light and shade to the play.





Mary Ellis Triumphs as Linda Valaine

## A Coward Play

"Point Valaine" is Presented by the  
Old Vic Company in Liverpool



"I expected Mrs. Valaine to be an old half-caste woman with brass ear-rings."

*Linda Valaine falls in love with a young airman (Julian Dallas) saved from the jungle and brought to her hotel.*

● Noel Coward's *Point Valaine* was originally performed in America with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the leading parts. It has not yet been seen in London, but at the moment is drawing packed houses to the Liverpool Playhouse, where the Old Vic Company, headed by Mary Ellis and Frederick Valk, are presenting it for the first time in this country. The story is set on an island in the Pacific and concerns a missionary's daughter (Linda Valaine) who runs a hotel. Mr. Coward attended the premiere, and in a speech from the stage after the performance paid tribute to the work of Peter Glenville in directing the Old Vic Company's season at the Playhouse. He described the performance of Mary Ellis as "one of the finest pieces of restrained emotional acting I have ever seen."

Photographs by John Vickers



"How could I ever have let you touch me?"

*Linda, in love for the first time in her life, is horrified at the thought of her former intimacy with Stefan, her Russian head-waiter (Frederick Valk).*



"There's his light now"

*Linda signals to Stefan, who, mad with jealousy, is marooned on a neighbouring island. Among her hotel guests are the young airman (Julian Dallas) and a philosophical author (Noel Willman).*





### Maurice Chevalier Entertains

Col. Oscar Lolbert and Mrs. Anthony Eden were present at the Allied Club, a favourite Paris rendezvous for Allied forces, on the night when Maurice Chevalier entertained the company



### Guests at an Allied Party in London

Among the guests at the Allies Welcome Committee's monthly reception were Capt. Mrs. Frank, from South Africa, Lady Brabourne, Capt. Mrs. Haynes, also from South Africa, and Lady Leese, whose husband, Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, now commands the 11th Army Group

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Investiture

THEIR MAJESTIES found several friends among the privileged crowd who watched the King decorate officers and men of the Household Cavalry at a barracks "somewhere in Southern England" recently. There were a number of their personal friends among the officers on parade as well, for the Household Cavalry are, in a very real sense, the King's personal troops, no less in these days of armoured cars and motor reconnaissance units than in the more colourful days of old, when nodding white plumes, burnished breastplates and well-groomed horses made the King's cavalry figures of romance.

Captain the Marquess of Douro, the twenty-nine-year-old son and heir of the Duke of Wellington, was one of the officers whom the King decorated with the Military Cross, and his father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, were among those who saw the ceremony. The King and Queen had a long chat with the Duke and Duchess afterwards, and Lord Douro was one of the officers who later lunched with Their Majesties in the mess. Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood was in attendance as Gold-Stick-in-Waiting and Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, and other officers on parade included Lord Rupert Nevill and the Earl of Uxbridge.



### Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Jacobs

Mr. Joseph David Jacobs and Mrs. Lillie Ellis, widow of the late Alfred Ellis, were married recently in London. The bridegroom is head of Nicholson, Graham and Jones, solicitors. A reception was held at Claridge's



### Major and Mrs. H. B. Waller

Major Hughe Bolton Waller, Derbyshire Yeomanry, only son of the late Hardress J. Waller and of the Hon. Mrs. Waller, married Miss Rosemary Clare Ford, elder daughter of the late Capt. Richard Ford and Mrs. Ford, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

### Military Occasion

ANOTHER Royal military occasion of more than usual note and importance was the inspection and Investiture of the airborne heroes of Arnhem, who marched in a body to Buckingham Palace, where the King decorated sixty-two of the 380 on parade, while the Queen, still in black, mourning for her father, with a spray of pink flowers as the only relieving colour, stood at his side, the first time Her Majesty has attended a wartime Investiture at the Palace. It was, I understand, the King's own idea to hold this special Investiture for the airborne men, and there was a striking historical contrast at the ceremony, while the old soldiers of the King's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard, the oldest armed force under the Crown, stood on duty in their scarlet and gold-laced Tudor uniform and flat black caps, grasping their tasselled halberds and gazing at the maroon berets of the most modern troops in the world, the men who drop from the skies.

Lt.-Gen. "Boy" Browning, as immaculate as ever, was there to receive from the King the C.B. he was awarded two years ago for his part as the original "father" of the British airborne army. He took his place at the King's side with Lt.-Gen. Brereton, of the U.S. Army, who commands the Allied airborne forces, after he had been decorated, and Major-Gen. Urquhart, who also received the C.B. for his valiant fight at Arnhem, joined them. Gen. Browning's wife, whom we all know better as Daphne du Maurier, was unable to be present. She is staying in Cornwall.

### St. Andrew's Day

THERE was a big crowd at Eton to enjoy the St. Andrew's Day celebrations, which were held, as last year, on the nearest Saturday to St. Andrew's Day. The weather was unbelievable—blue sky and sunshine: quite incredible, as most of one's memories of this famous day at Eton are of thick fog or pouring rain and squelching mud. The Wall Game was, as usual, played before lunch, with no score on either side, but this was not unexpected, as the match usually ends in a draw.

Amongst the players I noticed the conspicuous red hair of D. B. Hill-Wood, who played a magnificent game right through. He has certainly carried on the family tradition of being a good games player, for his father and uncles, when they were at Eton, did a lot to put their school on the winning side at many games. After lunch in the Field, there was a fast game between a team from the Brigade of Guards and a team from the 60th. The latter won by a goal to a rouge. Amongst those I saw watching this "Field game" were Lord Cromwell, who had a special interest, being in the 60th himself, with Lady Cromwell and their





### Duchess and Artist

The Duchess of Kent, at the exhibition of portraits by the Hon. Mrs. Honor Earl (right), admired a picture of a pathfinder observer from Trinidad who holds the D.S.O. and D.F.C.



### Actress and Portrait

Miss Dorothy Dickson was a visitor to the Hon. Mrs. Earl's exhibition, held at the Royal Empire Society. The portrait of S/Ldr. D. H. Smith, D.F.C., Soviet Medal of Valour, R.A.A.F., attracted her attention.

young son, David, who is in Mr. Wickham's house, and their daughter, Philippa.

### Among the Onlookers

LORD and Lady Nunburnholme—the latter in a three-quarter-length mink coat—came down to see their eldest son, Ben, who is now sixteen; Lady Isobel Guinness, very pretty in shades of red, had come over to see her stepson; Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, hatless, was accompanied by Archie Kidston, her son by her first marriage to the late Glen Kidston of motor-racing fame. Two sisters who had both come down to visit their youngest sons were Lady Margaret Huntington-Whiteley and Lady Lorna Howard. Last year Lady Lorna's elder son, Robin, was playing in this match in the Brigade of Guards team; he had then just got his commission in the Scots Guards, and is now serving with his regiment in Western Europe. Lt.-Col. Andrew Ferguson, who has been stationed at Windsor for some time, and Lt.-Col. Eric Gooch, who only recently returned from the Middle East, represented the Household Cavalry Regiment. Mrs. Harold Taylor was accompanied by

her young son, who is in Mr. Peterson's house. The house overlooks the playing-fields, so they were going up to watch in comfort from his window. Many people were delighted to see Captain Colin Lesslie and his wife watching the game. Captain Lesslie, who is in the Irish Guards, was wounded and taken prisoner in North Africa; he escaped when Italy gave up in 1943, but being wounded in the leg was unable to keep up with his companions, and with the snows coming on he had to go into hiding, and nothing was heard of him until June this year, when he managed to rejoin our lines. He is happily now quite recovered and back with the regiment. Mrs. Simonds, who had come over from her home quite near to see her son, was chatting to Major and Mrs. Gerald Drabble, who have just taken a house in Sussex. His brother, Major Cecil Drabble, who is so well known in the Whaddon country, has just returned from the Middle East after three-and-a-half years. Alas! the sudden change of climate has been too drastic, and he is in bed with pneumonia at the time of writing.

Others there were Lady Barbara Gore, who

works in a factory during term-time; Mrs. Peter Herbert, who is working for the Red Cross Book Campaign; Lady Hopetoun; Mrs. Ronald Brookes, whose husband is with the B.L.A.; and Mrs. Diana Smyley.

### Evening Party

"THERE will be a car to take you home" were magic words written on some of the invitations to a cocktail-party sent out by Lady Middleton, and as the evening turned out to be wet, it may well be imagined how appreciated they were. Actually, the party was intended to make some of her friends acquainted with her daughter Guinevere's husband, Dr. Tito Csato, as the marriage had been a very quiet one.

There was a big crowd in the large morning-room at 17, Hyde Park Gardens, where a buffet was set up at one end. Early-comers were Capt. the Hon. Valentine and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin with their girls, the eldest, Ursula, having just announced her engagement to Major Lord Roderick Pratt. The veteran Sir Ian Hamilton came along from his house at the end of the

(Concluded on page 376)



### Hampshire Christening

This picture, taken at the christening of Lavinia, daughter of Lt.-Col. Gerald Coke, Scots Guards, and Mrs. Coke, at St. Mary's Church, Benlley, shows Lady Mildred Fitzgerald, the Hon. Margaret Wyndham, Major the Hon. John Coke, Mrs. Coke and the baby, Lt.-Col. Coke, and Sen. Cdr. Cynthia Cadogan.



### Buckinghamshire Christening

Peter Edward Tyler, son of Major Edward Tyler, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Tyler, was christened at St. Peter's, Marlow. In the picture are Mr. Benson, Mrs. Tyler and her son, the Hon. Mrs. Graves and Miss Judy Tyler. Major Tyler is serving overseas and was not present.





Harvey Leader, the trainer, congratulated Lady Bullough on the sale of her filly, Carpatica, for the sum of 15,000 guineas



Carpatica, two-year-old filly, was sold to Mrs. Nagle for a record price



Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Blair were interested spectators in the paddock



Above is Lord Dudley with Lord Rosebery, who got good prices for his horses

## Buying and Selling and Looking On

At Newmarket December Sales



Miss Verdon Roe was armed with plenty of literature



Mr. Felix Leach is a well-known owner and breeder



Lady Petre carried a rug and looked after little Fiona Sheffield



Mrs. John Dewar and Maud Countess Fitzwilliam were cheerful in spite of the cold



Rossington, seen with her bay colt foal was sold by the Phantom Stud for 7000 guineas





Bidding was fast and furious for Carpatica, who is seen here in the sale ring.



Mrs. Florence Nagle, purchaser of Carpatica, sat with her friend, Miss Newton Deakin, during the Sales.



Miss Daphne Gaskell discussed the proceedings with Major R. P. Wade and Major A. H. Pilkington.

● Prices at the December Sales at Newmarket reached record heights. On the first day Lady Bullough's two-year-old filly, Carpatica, by Hyperion out of Campanula, was knocked down to Mrs. Nagle for 15,000 guineas. On the second day three brood mares, Exhibitionnist, Sister Clara and Mercy, fetched more than 10,000 guineas each. Sister Clara, daughter of Scarlet Tiger and Clarence and half-sister to Sun Chariot, was bought as a yearling for twenty guineas; and her foal, by Stardust, was sold in November for 6600 guineas.



Here is Mr. N. C. Scobie, the trainer, with F/Lt. G. M. Gee and Miss P. Snead.



In the paddock Brig. W. P. Wright was talking to Lord and Lady Manton.

Lord Milford paid 10,500 guineas for the brood mare, Exhibitionnist.

Exhibitionnist was sold by the Kildangen Stud to Lord Milford.



Usola, a mare from the Phantom Stud, was inspected in the paddock by Mrs. A. Gilbey.



Major the Hon. Lionel Montagu was in the paddock with Mrs. Charles Mills.



Lord Willoughby de Broke met Lt.-Col. S. E. Shirley at the Sales.



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**H**IGH time (we thought) that the tire-some Baldur von Schirach, Hitler Youth leader, earned a hearty razz, which he did at that recent Volksturm parade in Vienna. His features have that smooth yearning look common to many Youth Movement leaders, as if he were about to lay an egg in a Utopian bowler hat at dawn.

Whether his parents were wise to name him after the god Baldur, the matinée-idol of Valhalla, is another question. The original Baldur, the Beautiful, we find, was slain by the wicked Loki, who threw a bit of mistletoe at him, so maybe Von Schirach keeps away from Christmas parties. Meanwhile there's a sort of Nibelungsliedish dirge in our head which runs thus:

In Jotunheim  
A cry was heard:  
"Baldur the Fair  
Has got the Bird!"  
The boozy gods  
Woke from their doze,  
Wotan said "Eh?"  
And blew his nose,  
The blowsy trulls  
Poured out more drinks,  
And Thor remarked:  
"The Volkssturm stinks,"  
Freya expressed  
Surprise and pain,  
Then they went off  
To sleep again.

In a word, we guess the bitter news about Baldur von Schirach threw the entire assembly of the old German gods into a high state of coma, due partly to their being permanently plastered and partly to their notorious lack of sobriety. As if you cared.

## Contretemps

**S**o rarely does a firm of gilded Mayfair bookies take the knock that a recent case, when 99 per cent. of the clients returned correct football-pool solutions one Saturday and closed the Old Firm down, socko, must be almost unique in sporting history. What a loathsome phrase—"almost unique in sporting history." For Heaven's sake!

What interests us mildly is for what high moral purpose the Island Race bets on football. As all the world knows, it bets on racing not because it wants a gamble, but to improve the breed of horses (or maybe bookies, we forget which). It bets on dogs to improve the breed of dogs, or bookies, it drinks its beer to improve the breed of brewers, and kisses its women for some reason we haven't yet discovered—maybe to improve the coal-tar by-product industry. Evidently, therefore, the Race bets on football to improve the breed of football directors; or, once more, bookies. All right.



"Soap boxes are getting scarce, too"

Which bookies—the brasslunged bloodshot boys on the rails or the elegant boys dressed by Poole, lounging behind big rosewood desks and chatting nonchalantly with Lord Henry in the advertisements?

## Meditation

**W**E doubt if anything could improve this latter type. Lord Henry himself couldn't do it, the patrician old slouch.

"Er—by the way, Doggins."

"Yes, my lord?"

Pause. What Lord Henry wants to say is "Look here, Doggins, the only thing I can possibly improve about you is your socks. Choose a darker grey and I'll give you my fiancée, Lady Ursula." But his nerve fails him. Doggins may be wearing the correct shade, after all. Lord Henry suddenly goes to pieces, chews the rim of his exquisite topper in perfect agony, and begins to babble.

"Er—I'm running my fiancée, Lady Ursula, in the Lincolnshire, Doggins."

"Lay you fives, Lord Henry."

"My—er—fiancée. In dark grey soaks. I mean the Oaks. Absolute folly, I mean filly. Monkey each way, what?"

"Very good, my lord."

Here Mr. Doggins nonchalantly presses a silent foot-buzzer thrice, meaning: "This nut is dangerous—tell Alf." An exquisitely polished bouncer then enters and Lord Henry crawls out on all-fours, muttering.

Painful, what? Serve him right for attempting the Impossible.

## Pioneer

**M**ARINETTI'S death at Milan the other day recalls how rightfully he and his fierce crop-headed Futurist poets fussed and baffled your poor dear Grandmamma in the far-1920's, when she wore a crinoline.

Formulae were Marinetti's tea. E.g., demonstrating the Evolution of the Dance:

Parisian red pepper+buckler+lance+ecstasy before idols signifying nothing+nothing+undulation of Montmartre hips=erotic Pastist anachronism for tourists.

To show what the New Dancing would be like, Marinetti invented an Aviation Dance. The ballerina waved azure veils and danced on a map.

(Concluded on page 366)



"Well, if it won't go in—it won't. 'Under the stairs' will have to remain a 'single' room"





Anthony

## Terence Rattigan : Air-Gunner, Author and Playwright

Foremost of young British playwrights to-day is Terence Rattigan. At twenty-four he achieved fame and fortune almost overnight with *French Without Tears*, and now, at the age of thirty-two, he has *Flare Path* and *While the Sun Shines*—two of the outstanding successes of wartime theatre history—to his credit. To-night, at the Lyric Theatre, London will see Rattigan's latest comedy, *Love in Idleness*, in which the famous Anglo-American stars Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are to appear. The fact that these artists have chosen this as their first British play is in itself a tribute to Mr. Rattigan's skill. Terence Rattigan is the son of William Rattigan, C.M.G., and grandson of Sir William Rattigan, K.C., M.P. His father was in the Diplomatic Service, and Terence was sent to Harrow and to Trinity College, Oxford, with the idea of following in his father's footsteps. Love of the theatre intervened, however, and in the struggle which ensued—F.O. versus the Stage—it was, very fortunately, the Stage that won.



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

On her breast was a celluloid screw, her hat, poor sweet, was a model monoplane, her background was a line of swift-moving screens marked "300 metres," "600 metres," and so forth, and she leaped over pyramids of green gauze (mountains) and through hoops of pink paper (sunset) and blue paper (night), to lightning effects and an orchestral accompaniment imitating rain and thunder, all pretty subtle. Futurist dancing, Marinetti shouted, had to be inharmonious, ungraceful, asymmetrical, dynamic (aha!) and *motli-briste*, or chaotic. He took himself seriously and glared fixedly: Your poor Grandmamma really felt as if her back-stays were falling off.

Well, the clever Sadler's Wells boys have long since made Marinetti look like the remains of last Thursday's cold rice pudding, which only shows something or other, and vive la bourgeoisie.

## Dreamland

SIX distinguished Indian scientists who were the guests of the Government have left, we observe, without a word explaining the Rope Trick (or, "Well-I-happen-to-know-a-man-who...").

Mass-hypnosis is the only practical explanation we could ever dig from the science boys; that is, the Hindu juggler bulldozes the saps *en bloc* before throwing up the rope, like a British professional politician. The Rope Trick after all is nothing to what our native dopes think they see when a real spellbinder—Liberals are pretty good—has them in hand. Fairies hover and glide and Prince Charming kisses them personally on the eyelids, and a big round blue moon rises and silver bells chime from crystal towers and roast birds drop from trees into their open mouths, and they find something exquisite nestling on their lap and it's Dorothy ("Just-a-Sarong-at-Twilight") Lamour, in jungle-kit.

"Hullo! Miss Lamour?"

"Why, hello there, Mr. Smith."

"I can't imagine how you got on my lap, Miss Lamour. I thought Mr. Boomer was talking about Beveridge!"

"That's okay, Mr. Smith, I guess, I love you. Will you have a bit of roast ptarmigan or shall I just hug you to death, you big wonderful thing?"

"Oh, Miss Lamour, I can hardly believe it."

Meanwhile the expert on the platform is handing out the earth, moon and stars. He then stops with a cynical gesture and the audience wakes up and staggers out with no memory of what has happened, except that Miss Lamour said it must vote for what the expert said, which will be found in next day's paper; which it does. You say in Disraeli's or Gladstone's time fairies of Miss Lamour's type were too enormous to sit on any citizen's lap. You are quite right. Citizens shared them in threes.

## Fracas

DISCUSSING a Tintoretto sold at Christie's recently for 1050 guineas, one of the art boys averred that



"It's not a fair race, Miss Fergusson; my wheelbarrow's far too full!"

Tintoretto was summarily dismissed from Titian's studio in Venice "for some reason unknown."

Actually the reason is quite well known, and is given in Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*. Titian in his old age went crazy over painting nudes, whereas his pupil Tintoretto wanted to paint healthy worth-while pictures such as dead fish on plates, Venetian cattle in the snow, and the Lido (sunset). This led to a major row, as follows:

TIT: What's biting you, Tintoretto?

TIN: Nothing's biting me, only I think your conduct is un-Venetian.

Here Titian went into fits of laughter, clutching his long white beard.

TIN: Nudes, nudes, nudes! Can't you think of nothing else?

TIT: "Anything" else.

TIN: I may not be well-educated but I'm not a dirty old R.A.

Here Titian glared and pointed with his mahlstick to the door.

TIN: All right. And another thing, you let my sister alone!

TIT: Your sister!—Let me laugh!

TIN: You heard me. My sister told the critics about you and your old Burlington tricks.

TIT: Don't you call me a Burlington!

TIN: That's what you are, a whiskery old Burlington.

Tintoretto then packed his brushes and went. In the 16th-century Venetian dialect a "Burlington" means "one addicted to the Fine Arts, but in a vexatious or academic manner."

## Rap

FOR Robert Louis Stevenson's fiftieth death-anniversary Auntie *Times* and the boys trotted out the usual superlative clichés about *Treasure Island*, showing they don't approve of Masefield's *Lost Endeavour*.

Auntie prefers *Treasure Island*, we feel, because Stevenson's pirates use no improper language, whereas Masefield's pirates swear in English and Spanish like real ones. Stevenson's pirates don't swear because his kindly publishers wouldn't let them, Nobody swore more fiercely or behaved worse than real pirates, though we'd be the first to agree that if Morgan or Blackbeard or Ward or Teach had found Auntie's cold grey eye on them they'd have piped down and behaved with exquisite courtesy. In his later years Slogger Barrie wrote a long piece for Auntie about Captain Hook's Eton days which probably cleared up a lot of doubts in her mind about Hook. We suspect he'd been looking through the Tyburn records and found that two Old Etonians at least were hanged as highwaymen.

There are no Old Etonian pirates in the records, yet it was the ideal career for a wet-bob. Many rowing-men take their poor cracked hearts into the City, but there's too much competition there, whereas at sea there used to be relatively little.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"What shall we give the butcher, dear?"





## At Home at the Air Ministry

Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair

● The Rt. Hon. Sir Archibald Sinclair, K.T., P.C., C.M.G., M.P., Bt., became Secretary of State for Air in 1940, when he was appointed by Mr. Churchill. He is a close friend of the Prime Minister, to whom he was at one time Personal Military Secretary at the War Office. Sir Archibald combines his Cabinet post with his office as Leader of the Liberal Party, to which he was elected in 1935. His wife, who is Scottish, and was formerly Miss Marigold Forbes, is also on the Party Executive. The Air Minister, educated at Eton and Sandhurst, joined the Army in 1910, and fought all through the last war, winning the Legion of Honour at the Battle of Festubert. Elected M.P. for Caithness and Sutherland in 1922, he has represented the constituency ever since. He became Lord Lieutenant of Caithness in 1919, Chief Liberal Whip 1930-31, and Secretary of State for Scotland 1931-32. Sir Archibald rarely finds time to spend at his home, Thurso Castle, Caithness, where he owns some 100,000 acres, and he and Lady Sinclair have a small flat at the Air Ministry. They have two sons and two daughters

*Photographs by Pictorial Press*





## Famous Faces in Caricature



**Paul Whiteman**, international band-leader, as he appeared to Negulesco in an inspired moment



**Adolphe Menjou** merited oils. This was done from a sketch made at Hollywood's famed Trocadero night-club.



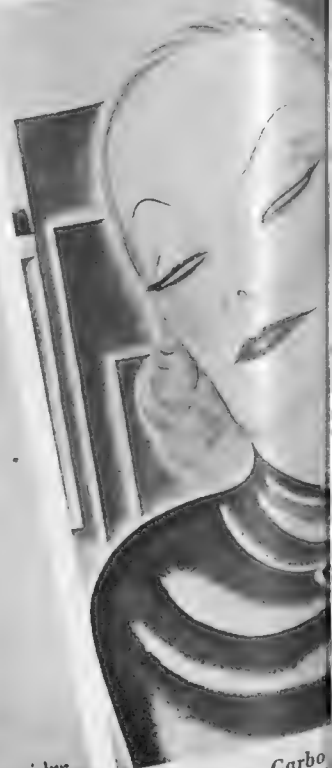
**Stan Laurel** was working on "Stein Miss" when he caught the artist's eye. Negulesco himself wrote the script for the picture.



**Gloria Swanson** is thought by Negulesco to be the most glamorous actress he has ever seen. He did her in oils



**Mary Pickford** was done from a movie. When he draws from a movie, Negulesco uses a pencil with attached flashlight



**Greta Garbo**  
Negulesco could

● Nearly all the great artists of Hollywood submitted their famous faces to the impudent Fairbanks, John Barrymore, Paul Henreid, Chaplin, Joan Fontaine, Ernst Lubitsch, I are to mention but a few. Gifted wit, artiste-painter, Negulesco has during the Hollywood's best-known figures. Last year Bros. director, adding to his reputation as first film, *The Mask of Dimitrios*, one hu



## Jean Negulesco, Rumanian Quick-Fire Artist and Hollywood Film Director

Left:  
Joe E. Brown enjoys his food. Negulesco caught him in an off-guard moment eating at Hollywood's Brown Derby restaurant

Photographs by Pictorial Press

William Powell looks like this at home. Negulesco did the sketch when visiting the artist at his home in Palm Springs

has an orchidaceous aura.  
resist the shoulder spray

and have at some time or another  
pencil of Jean Negulesco. Douglas  
Hedy Lamarr, Peter Lorre, Charlie  
and Young and Eric von Stroheim  
as well as technical expert and  
past twelve years become one of  
he became a fully-fledged Warner  
unusual character by making his  
thousand dollars under budget



Negulesco uses professional models for his most serious work, which is done in his studio at home. He has successfully exhibited his paintings in Paris, Washington, D.C., New York and Seattle. He has been living in California for over twelve years now



Compton Collier

**Lady Walker** is the wife of Lt.-Col. Sir Ian Walker, Bt., 1st Derbyshire Yeomanry, of Osmaston Manor, Derbyshire. She was Miss Dorothy Elizabeth Heber-Percy before her marriage in 1938, and is the younger daughter of Capt. Josceline Reginald Heber-Percy, of Guy's Cliffe, Warwick, and a relative of the Duke of Northumberland. She has two daughters



**Mrs. Humphrey Leigh** was formerly Miss Joanna Whitfield Hayes, and was married in 1935 to W/Cdr. Humphrey de Verd Leigh, O.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C. Her husband is the inventor of the Leigh Light, the flying searchlight used so successfully against U-boats in the Atlantic. Mrs. Leigh has two children

## Family Album



Compton Collier

**Mrs. A. C. Critchley** is the wife of Brig.-Gen. Alfred Cecil Critchley, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., Director-General of the British Overseas Airways Corporation. She was Miss Diana Fishwick, and is a daughter of Mr. F. W. Fishwick, of Wentworth, Surrey. The Critchleys were married in 1938, and have a son and a daughter



**Lord Cranworth** was photographed with his grandchildren at his home, Grundisburgh Hall, Suffolk. Charles, Philip and Jeryl Gurdon are the children of Lord Cranworth's only son, Lt. the Hon. Robert Gurdon, Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action in 1942, and Charles is heir to his grandfather. Their mother, eldest sister of Lord Cowdray, was married recently to Lt.-Col. Alistair Gibb





Here is Col. R. Poole, M.C., with Major C. H. Reynard, who was private trainer to Lady Lindsay, and Stipendiary Steward to the National Hunt Committee until 'chasing stopped



Mrs. "Nicky" Morris was with Mr. Chubb Leach, the trainer. She was formerly Susan Heathcote, and is the daughter-in-law of Mr. H. Morris, who won the Derby with Manna in 1925



Major F. B. Sneyd, the Wantage trainer who trains for Sir Harry Lyons among others, was having a chat with Miss D. M. Crichton, who came to the Sales in uniform

### Some More People Who Went to the Newmarket December Sales

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Christmas 1944—as Merry as Possible!

### Then and Now

WERE they, in actual fact, merrier in the times which are so often referred to as both "good" and "old" than they are, even to-day, in the year alleged Grace 1944? History is so peccant. True, turkeys and chine, barons of beef, haunches of venison, boars' heads, eggs, Christmas puddings, wassail bowls, Sherris, Sack, Old October, Imperial Tokay, Black Strap and brandy were a bit more plentiful, and considerably cheaper, in those "old" times, and no one had even so much as thought of Spam and dried eggs, but, by and large, were they on a better wicket? Why, even to get to the Village of Kensington, or to a meet of the Old Berkeley at Wormwood

Scrubs, or the Surrey at Wapping was a serious and sometimes even dangerous adventure, and as for expeditions which entailed crossing either Hounslow or Blackheath, we know very well what was on the Christmas cards! The High Tobymen, let us admit, did give a kick to travelling which is absent to-day, and he was also some kind of a brake upon the descent of relatives, who invited themselves (for they might never arrive). Hitler had not been born, but at one period Napoleon was not much more popular, and before him there had been the Huns Barbarossa and Attila, both of whom were much disliked. The sports of the people (according to the Christmas-card artists) consisted mainly of foxhunting in hock-deep snow, and grouse- and partridge-shooting on December 25th; everyone had a red face—particularly the nose part of it—and they all

turned out fresh as daisies even after downing four bottles of port, topped off with hot punch and possibly a final binder of old brandy. They jumped (again according to the artists) fences at which even a bulldozer would to-day turn its head, and they came home, if not on a stretcher, with at least one arm in a sling, a broken nose and one or more black eyes. They never seem to have changed for dinner, and preferred to get at the baron of beef, the turkey or the goose, plus, of course, the Black Strap, all muddy and bloody as they were. Good old times!

### Then Earlier

THINK again upon the times when jesters were considered a necessary appendage to anyone who claimed to be Someone. Even in the best and highest circles, these counter-parts of the red-nosed comic of our modern times must have lived a life of torment. They had to be funny: the modern comic labours under no such obligation, for after the B.B.C. announcer has built him up and told the subscribers that he is the last squeak in humour, he can be as dull and witless as he likes, and no one can get at him. It was rather different with the Household Fool. He had to be blithesome even if he had a raging toothache—or take the most unpleasant consequences.

The Eaorldoman, the Baron, or even the Gesith or the Ceorl, was quite capable of saying

(Concluded on page 372)



Viscountess Selby is seen with her Spig of Shillalagh, which shared the Derby with five others.



Mr. J. A. Dewar was there, and Mr. Richard Burbidge, owner, breeder and Steward of the meeting



Mr. Jack Coogan sold his dog, Joint Command, for the record sum of £1,000 during the meeting

### The Druids Lodge Meeting of the South of England Coursing Club

Hamlin

# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

to the Sèneschal, or Butler: "Here, you, this swab hasn't said anything funny for at least ten minutes, so just take him out and tie him up to the portcullis and then beat the pants off him till he cracks a joke!" Conversation also must have been far more difficult than it is even to-day, when, unless you know American idiomatically, you can make no headway at all. If the host (the local Baron, possibly) did not see eye to eye with his guest, he would say, in the oiliest and most objectionable way: "You *may* be right, but if you don't shut up I shall be compelled to remind you that I have the most up-to-date Torture Chamber in all Damnonia, and that my thumb-screws and racks, to say nothing of my hot irons, are considered by experts to be the best on the market! So what?" Good old times! Not too hot, buddy?

## Other Christmas Joys

MANY of them, as it is only just and fair to admit, our peculiar predecessors did much better than we do. I cite two for a start: Ghosts and Waits. The former were always liberally supplied with yards and yards of chain, were dressed in armour that did not fit very



## With the W.A.A.F. in France

L.A.C.W. Madeau Stewart, W.A.A.F., now stationed in France, is the daughter of Major Oliver Stewart, M.C., A.F.C., well-known writer and broadcaster on aviation, and author of "Air Eddies" in this paper

well, and carried their heads under their arms. The Waits were not just the vicar with a tuning-fork and an electric-torch, accompanied by the organist and three-and-a-half couple of the dog-pack of the choir, but were a gang of strong, determined men with a lanthorn, a jar of rum and a cornet à piston. They carried strong staves (for defensive purposes), and they usually had an icicle hanging from their well-polished noses. The only point of similarity which remains between the old and the new is the music. Both sing about the good Bohemian King, who "looked out," bar once, "on a cold and frosty morning." The occasion when Wenceslas did *not* look out carefully enough was when a huge hunk of snow avalanched off the castle turret and got him in the back of the neck.

## Pigmalion and Hogmanay

His real name was Hamish (from Skye) and he had a Galatea. It is the happy story of a week which lasted till the nuptial day of the chieftain, which, seeing that the other



## Married in Port Elizabeth

Major Frank Jeffrey Reynolds, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, married Miss Marjorie Kay, daughter of Dr. Hobart Kay and Mrs. Dorothy Kay, of Mill Park, Port Elizabeth. He was a member of the British Rugby team which toured South Africa in 1938



## Jumping Revival: by "The Tout"

All lovers of jumping will rejoice to hear that after a lapse of two and a half years there are good prospects of National Hunt racing, on a limited wartime scale, beginning towards the end of next month. Already several "jump" trainers are getting very busy with their charges in anticipation. Reggie Hobbs, who trained Battleship, the 1938 National Winner, expects to have at least twenty horses ready when 'chasing begins. Gerry Wilson, leading jockey over the Sticks for several years before jumping closed down in 1942, hopes to be riding again. Doubtless Miss Paget will be sending for some of her horses from Ireland, where they have been busy during the interval under the care of Charlie Rogers, a nephew of the Anthonys. Miss Paget has always been an enthusiastic supporter of sport between the flags, Golden Miller, of course, being her most distinguished performer

leading item in the menu of festivities at the spacious abode of one of those great Indigo Barons of an age long past was pigsticking (not pork butchery, but the real stuff), was most appropriately Hogmanay. Well do I remember being shepherded into a corner and asked many a time and oft by the lang, leet and elevated bridegroom in posse: "Es she no?" meaning, of course, the bride. Naturally, there was only the one answer. On the appointed day, the bridegroom was in a positively dangerous state of alcoholic fervour. He was decked out in the full dress of his clan, even down to the dirk and parrich spoon in his garter—and those who were familiar with the outward signs feared the worst. Trouble broke out quite early, for upon being asked the customary question ending with the words "lawful wedded wife," Hamish, half-springing off his hocks, said in accents that froze the blood, and certainly terrified the ministrant: "Wull A no? Hwhit like a man do ye tak' me for?" and as he roared forth the challenge to his intentions he reached down for his dirk. Fortunately, nothing worse happened, but when later the inevitable wedding-group was taken, someone pushed the Comte de Courvoisier and some other guests who formed the reredos, standing on forms, and the whole mass fell on the bride, bridegroom and bridesmaids. Hamish let a yell out of him, and in three standing leaps reached the house, to emerge almost at once with a sharp and murderous tulwar, one of many weapons which decorated the walls of the dining-room. He made straight for the Comte, of whom he had the deepest suspicions, because, according to the polite custom of his country, he had kissed the bride's hand. Luckily, the Comte was the ex-holder of the Marathon Championship—otherwise . . . !

Jolly old-times! Eheu fugaces labuntur anni  
—nec pietas moram. . . !



# On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

## Officers of a Royal Naval Base

Front row: The Rev. E. A. Rigdon, R.N.V.R., Surg. Cdr. H. E. B. Curjel, R.N., Capt. J. B. Hughes, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. H. C. Bicknell, R.N., 3rd Off. D. A. Shiner, W.R.N.S. Back row: Lt. W. H. Walton, R.N.V.R., Mr. J. J. Carson, R.N., Lt. J. C. Linnard, R.N.V.R., Surg. Lt. R. L. Cooke, R.C.N.V.R., Lt. P. G. O. Willoughby, R.N.V.R., Lt. W. E. Jupe, R.N.V.R.



D. R. Stuart

## Officers of the Fleet Air Arm

Front row: S/Lt. (A) M. T. Taylor, Lts. (A) R. Martin, (A) M. A. Lacayo, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. (A) F. A. Swanton, R.N., Lts. J. A. Stokes, (A) P. D. B. Wise, S/Lt. (A) T. W. Oliver. Middle row: S/Lts. (A) W. Davis, (A) S. W. Still, (A) I. W. Kirton, (A) D. C. Williams, H. E. Hunt, (A) G. R. Bird, (A) K. W. Kinnear, Lt. (A) F. B. Cooper, S/Lt. J. K. Wing. Back row: S/Lts. (A) R. G. Foulkes, (A) A. R. Wisden, (A) N. Williamson, (A) L. W. Trebble, (A) C. Price, (A) D. R. Porter, (A) J. C. Strong, (A) L. A. B. Turner, Lt. (A) D. L. Hobbs. (All officers are R.N.V.R. unless otherwise stated)



D. R. Stuart

## Officers of a Fleet Air Arm Engineers' Training School

Front row: S/Lts. (A) T. J. E. Kavanagh, R.N.V.R., (A) D. W. White, R.N.V.R., Lts. (A) A. B. Winsor, R.N.V.R., (A) J. H. Duffay, R.N., (A) J. L. Stanton, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (A) M. Drummond, R.N.V.R., S/Lt. (A) A. J. Wort, R.N.V.R. Middle row: Sub-Lts. (A) R.N.V.R., J. K. Wharton, G. R. Taylor, C. E. Nicholson, R. J. Tuttle, A. A. W. Hill, W. H. Wilson, L. S. Mills, P. C. Letts, J. Collins. Back row: Sub-Lts. (A) R.N.V.R., F. K. Sharp, R. G. North, S. F. Batstone, D. P. Appleby, D. A. Tennant, J. C. Woods, J. R. Henderson, T. K. Fowler, Mid. (A) G. H. Crosbie



## Officers and Sisters of H.M. Hospital Ship Oxfordshire

Front row: Surg. Lt.-Cdr. J. Thomas, D.S.C., R.N., Surg. Lt.-Cdr. P. G. C. Martin, R.N.V.R., Miss Bentley, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R) (Matron), Surg. Capt. H. M. Willoughby, R.N.V.R., Capt. A. Beharell (Master), Surg. Lt.-Cdr. E. B. Bradbury, R.N., Surg. Lt.-Cdr. P. Jones, R.N. Middle row: Warrant Wardmaster R. E. M. Pryce, R.N., Nursing Sister Harrower, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Surg. Lt.-Cdr. J. Dow, R.N., Nursing Sister Augustus, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Surg. Lt. J. R. Elliott, R.N.V.R., Nursing Sister Dixon, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Surg. Lt. G. Baker, R.N.V.R., Nursing Sister Donaldson, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R). Back row: Rev. G. E. C. Pitt, R.N. (R.C. Chaplain), Nursing Sister Harley, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Surg. Lt. J. D. Bradley-Watson, R.N.V.R., Nursing Sister Finlayson, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Pay. Lt. T. Edwards, R.N.R., Nursing Sister Howland, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Surg. Lt. (D) J. T. Cumming, R.N.V.R., Nursing Sister Whitley, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Rev. H. Hill, R.N.V.R. (C.E. Chaplain)



## The C.O. and Staff of a Pioneer Training Unit

Front row: J/Cdr. E. M. Edwards, Majors A. T. White, F. H. McKay, H. M. E. Plateau, the Commanding Officer, Capt. H. E. Parsons, M.C., W. Warick, Majors H. E. Miller, J. W. Dunster, 2nd Sub. L. M. Cunningham. Middle row: Capt. J. H. Crocker, R. M. C. Moynam, R. Knight, R. E. Smallwood, Majors L. Close, F. J. Manning, Capt. J. G. G. T. Williams, L. S. Turpin, P. Honan, W. H. A. Perry. Back row: Lts. C. C. Williams, S. C. Louis, F. C. Stevens, F. S. Dove, M.M., J. Smith, Capt. J. E. Francis, B. S. Hawkins, S. Langham



D. R. Stuart

## Officers of an A.-A. Command Group H.Q. in Scotland

Front row: Major J. L. Ilsley, Sen./Cdr. V. F. Watson, Majors D. B. Brown, F. B. Johnson, the Commander of Scottish A.-A. Defences, Chief/Cdr. M. A. Scouler-Buchanan, Majors D. F. Martin Jenkins, H. I. Rogers, W. G. L. Beattie, M.B.E. Middle row: Lt. J. E. Burchell, Capt. A. P. Homer, Lts. N. A. D. Wallis, R. G. A. Brown, Capt. J. J. Wooding, J. S. Mills, Lt. A. Beckett, Capt. R. D. Jamieson. Back row: Jun./Cdrs. M. Beck, M. M. Bain, Capt. J. L. P. Reid, Jun./Cdr. L. Smith, Sub. M. P. Twenlow, Jun./Cdr. H. I. McBain

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Lost World?

"WHAT has become of it all?" one might ask oneself, staring at the anonymous heap of rubble that, before the direct hit, was a house. "Where has it all gone to?" By "it" one does not only mean the floors, walls and ceilings, the furniture, curtains, pictures, mirrors and books. One means also—and perhaps means most—something more: everything that accumulates in a house through the continuous process of its being lived in. Without such a process, homes would be no more than shells. But few homes remain shells: the hearts, souls, nerves and minds of the human beings in them give out, or give off, something. Thoughts, wishes, loves, memories and associations accumulate, and must remain, palpable, while the house stands.

Wander along a London street, round a square, and look up at the narrow-fronted houses, outwardly so much alike. Each contains, each sequesters something inimitable, individual. Then a bomb falls, leaving a ragged breach. From where the breach is, something more irreplaceable than any work of art has gone for ever. Or has it? If not, where is it now?

*A House in Bryanston Square*, by Algernon Cecil (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s.), answers the question: at least, with regard to the house which names the book. The life lived here, it is true, was exceptional: existence was brought to its highest, most conscious point. *A House in Bryanston Square* is not in narrative form. This is not a memoir, nor a period piece, nor a portrait of a society or of a group of friends. It is, I should rather say, a metaphysical picture of an interior. Bare of any practical detail that would not fit the frame, it may tantalise some readers, oppress others.

## Voices

THE house was, by reckoning, old: built on the eve of the Regency, it had seen the passage of four generations. The writer and the lady he names Allegra were, though they did not know it, to be its last inhabitants. She, dying some years before the bomb fell, to the last continued present between these walls.

It was [says Mr. Cecil] in the fall of a year, now some while joined to its forerunners, that I first had conscious sight of the house which, so to speak, circumscribes these pages; and the accordant, autumnal aspect of its interior, resulting, evidently enough, from the fact that it was in process of changing hands, remains with me still. In the retrospect I could fancy that even then it had conveyed to me in its elegant urban way something of the same effect of a glory departing which the trees, as their produce fell and their foliage faded, had but lately proclaimed with ambrosial banquets of fruit and riots of colour. . . .

Facing as it did to the east and west, the building, like some sensitive soul alive to the full charm of light and shadow, might have been supposed to court the hours of dawn and sunset as best suited to its inward and spiritual grace. . . . The house seemed to me to have appropriated, so to say, the symbolism of the sun at its two metaphysical extremities, and in such a manner as to excite trains of reflection denied to the dwellers in town houses that face the poles and are sunlit only upon one side and in the glare of noonday.

No ordinary scene-setting this, and for no ordinary scene. Truly, no glare of noonday invades these rooms, which epitomise—chapter by chapter, and one by one—influences, intimacies and moods. Mr. Cecil is, to be simple, against the world of to-day. In the spiritual sense, this is a "resistance" book. Nothing, in Mr. Cecil's view, has gone right; spiritually, since the Reformation terminated "the regency of Our



## Musical Sisters

Juanita and Paz Subercaseaux are the daughters of Don Leon Subercaseaux, Counsellor of the Chilean Embassy in London. They came to England in the early days of the war and have been completing their education here. Juanita plays the violin and was a pupil at the Royal College of Music, while Paz has been studying painting at the Slade School, which was evacuated to Oxford at the beginning of hostilities.

Lady"; materially, since the patrician classes entered upon decline. This conviction, with its impassioned recourses to history, the saints and the saints of art, saturates and sometimes tortures his prose style. *A House in Bryanston Square* is not easy reading: I read it less with pleasure than with profound respect.

In the house, to the writer, speak two voices: that of the dead but living Allegra, and the "Alien Voice"—that, one gathers, of a former occupant. But also present, and to be felt and heard, are three writers who (for time does not exist here) become Mr. Cecil's contemporaries, familiars, inspirations and friends; and whose thought he, from time to time, allows to suffuse his own—Rabelais, Montaigne, Pascal. These confront him at different points in the house: in the dining-room, the Chinese room, on the staircase under the skylight. The journey made through the house is, indeed, upward to a symbolic summit: stars seen through the dome of glass. Contemplation had reached its height when the bomb fell: to the nature and the completeness of the destruction Mr. Cecil finds himself able to be reconciled:

The genius of the house had said its say, had told me all that it had to tell, had guided me to the head of the stair, and then had left me looking up at the stars. With a strangely human consideration, it had even seemed to spare me the sadness of farewell. Always for me a dream-house since Allegra entered it, it had proved itself in the end to be of such stuff as dreams are made.

## The School at the Park

ANGELA THIRKELL's *The Headmistress* (Hamish Hamilton; 10s.) is another study of Baresshire "rois en exile." In her last novel,

(Concluded on page 376)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

RARELY am I reminded more consciously of Van Gogh's tragic,

everlasting NO in life than when I search for something I have lost. Looking for a collar-stud, for example, I will find the ha'penny I dropped last week, the button which I imagined had gone before and the return-half of a bus ticket which I never needed to see again. Taut with anxiety to run across Miss Smith, I come face to face with three Miss Browns, Mrs. Robinson, the vicar, the Dowager Lady Snodgrass and the newspaperman who squints. Possessing a face which needs flowing locks to frame it—I have less hair than any man in our street!

However, the YES-NO of life can be equally heart-breaking. Pitifully yearn for the fulfilment of some ambition and eventually it will arrive—usually too late and sometimes in a guise you can scarcely recognise. In the days when I suffered from indigestion, I sometimes got so tired of the diet prescribed that I said to myself, "Well, here goes. . . ." and devoured a pork chop. *I never felt a twinge!* Returning to my strict menu, I was blown up like a balloon for an hour. Sunday's respite in bed is looked forward to all the week, with the result that on Sunday morning you are eager to rise about 6 a.m. Monday, you would give a small fortune to lie in bed; but up you must get. Many a woman has felt herself to be by nature one of the Great Courtesans of history, only to realise at the end of her life that she has been an irritation, rather than a comfort, to one dull man. A wounded soldier whose spirits revive at the thought that he has got his ticket for Blighty, dreams of his home in Penzance—and is forthwith sent to Aberdeen.

By Richard King

Indeed, I am not quite sure that this YES-NO complex which so often

attacks one's Destiny is not more difficult to endure than Fate's deliberate denial. One knows what to do with a NO, but this Yes-No business is like looking forward to a glass of lovely milk fresh from the cow—only to find a fly swimming in it. How many wishes are granted too soon, or too late. Of course, Good Times come to all of us if we wait long enough, but how often do they kind of pounce and thus take us so much by surprise that we don't realize what's happened until they are gone. Or if they don't pounce, but come just at the moment they are anticipated, the thought always haunts us while we are enjoying them that Calamity is surely waiting round the corner just to level things up. The sparkling days never last long enough; whereas the dim periods linger on and on like an uninvited guest who calls in the early afternoon and sits, determined to remain to tea.

Maybe, however, this continual thwarting is good for us. It has, at any rate, that depressing effect which most things which are good for us attain without effort. Were we not thwarted deliberately from time to time, we might become as insane as the world in which we now live. All the same, I do wish that this school-marm which directs our fate didn't look at so many little things in a big way—allowing me to find my collar-stud without effort, to meet Miss Smith when I wanted to meet her, to bring the longed-for letter by the post it should arrive, and, oh, in a hundred little ways to convince me against experience that one's cross is not so inhumanly heavy as that it is studded all over with small nails—points outmost!





*Mrs. T. Csato, whose marriage took place in September, was formerly Miss Guinivere Brodrick, and is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Gould, of New York, and of the Countess of Midleton. Her husband is Dr. Tibor Csato, of 54, Brook Street, W.*



*Mrs. J. R. Gordon-Finlayson is the wife of G/Capt. James R. Gordon-Finlayson, D.S.O., D.F.C., who, after fighting in several campaigns, holds an important air staff appointment. He is the son of General Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson, and married Miss Susanne Sim*

## Young Marrieds



*The Hon. Mrs. John Davie, third daughter of Lord and Lady Trent, of Lenton House, Nottingham, was married in 1940 to Major John Edward Jocelyn Davie, The Derbyshire Yeomanry. She and her husband have two children, a son of three and a daughter born last year*



*Mrs. David Clark is the wife of G/Capt. David de B. Clark, R.A.F., and is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jack Raphael. She is a niece of Mr. Frederick Livingstone-Learmonth, D.S.O., Director of the Bank of Australasia*

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## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 361)

street, and was wearing gumboots with a plus-four suit. He took advantage of the bunch of mistletoe hanging from the chandelier to kiss the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, who was there with her husband. There were plenty of young people to be seen, amongst them Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, and Miss Peggy Leigh; while among others I saw were Mr. Valentine Williams (who is shortly having a new thriller published), talking to the Hon. Donough O'Brien; Sir William and Lady Max Muller, and Lord and Lady Chatfield.

## Committee Meeting

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND made her first appearance as chairman of a charity committee when she presided over one at the Dorchester called to make plans in connection with the world premiere of *Road to Utopia*, in aid of the London Stage-Door Canteen, and due at the Plaza Cinema to-morrow. The Duchess, a slight figure most simply dressed in a navy-blue coat and skirt, enhanced by a magnificent brooch of huge diamonds, and with no hat on her long hair, began by frankly saying that she was terribly nervous in her new role, but, nevertheless, she made good progress with the proceedings, which in the end produced promises amounting to £2000. The Duke of Sutherland spoke a few words, and Sir Alexander Maxwell was a fervid speaker on behalf of the cause, in which he is most practically supported by that generous of honorary treasurers, Mr. Walter Hutchinson. The Duchess had sitting by her Maud Duchess of Wellington and Lady Middleton, who are vice-chairmen, and members of the committee who were present included Mr. Leonard Plugge, M.P. (who is going to have his twins



Alan Date, Bodmin

## An Admiral with His Family

Vice-Admiral Sir H. Bernard Rawlings, K.C.B., O.B.E., now in command of operations in the Aegean, was formerly Flag Officer Levant and Eastern Mediterranean, and was responsible for the evacuation of Crete. He was photographed when at home in Lancoffe, Cornwall, with Lady Rawlings; his mother-in-law, Mrs. Beaumont; his sons, Simon and Breon, and his daughter, Mary

christened in the Crypt of the House of Commons), Miss Dorothy Dickson, Mrs. Robert Grimston, the Hon. Mrs. Brooke and Mrs. John Goodenday, who is the deputy chairman.

## Dining Out

THE DORCHESTER was crowded when I dined there recently, and many people were there who in pre-war days had "town" houses, but now make this their London home. Lord and Lady Bearsted were together at a side table; the Duchess of Marlborough, in her Red Cross and St. John uniform, had an early dinner with a friend; the Marchioness of Linlithgow came down to dine, still going a little lame from the fall she had in October, when she broke a small bone in her ankle; Lord Glentanar was staying at the hotel for a couple of nights; he had been speaking in the House of Lords in the debate on exports, and urging that farmers must have a fair deal in post-war years. His sister, Maud Duchess of Wellington, and a friend were dining with him. Commander and Mrs. Scott-Miller—the latter very attractive in black, with lovely diamond clips—had a party of four with them. Commander Scott-Miller, who is in the R.N.V.R., is a survivor of the Walcheren landings, having had a very unseasonable bathe and losing all his things, but luckily none the worse for it. He is quite a veteran of "landings," having taken part in those of North Africa, Sicily, D-Day and Walcheren.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

*Growing Up*, as you may remember, we had a couple far from reluctantly handing over their charmless, too large and far from convenient house in order that this might become a hospital. The position of the Beltons, who are to concern us now, is more delicate and a good deal sadder: he and she, their two sons and their daughter love Harefield Park, "a plain-faced Palladian house which stands connected by a covered arcade with a pavilion on each side." Harefield Park has been in the Belton family since, 150 years ago, "the Nabob" founded the family fortunes—which, alas, are now in steady decline. In fact, the war, which had only slightly increased the Beltons' financial difficulties, was to provide them with at least a temporary solution: a handsome offer was made by the old and wealthy City company of the Hoziers for Harefield Park, for their Girls' Foundation School, evacuated from London. So, when our story opens, Miss Sparling and her staff and her girls are moving into the Park; Mr. and Mrs. Belton are moving down to the village. (I know few sensations in wartime to approach that peculiarly leisured and leisurely expectation with which one settles down to a new Thirkell novel. Mrs. Thirkell sets her scene and deploys her characters with a sort of zestful deliberation. She invites a confidence which she does not betray.)

## Foreign Body

SO, the neighbourhood has acquired a headmistress—what will it think of her; how will she behave to it? Mr. Carton, the Oxford don who spends his vacations in bachelor comfort in Harefield village, takes a far from high view of academic ladies and gives voice to the gloomiest apprehensions; Mr. Oriel, the also bachelor vicar, on being told that Miss Sparling is an excellent churchwoman, feels unaccountably and quite wrongly depressed. And how do the Beltons feel about their move from the Park to that modest, if charming, house at their own gates? How they feel, and how they sustain their exile, is really the subject of *The Headmistress*—for Miss Sparling (the headmistress) herself, though excellently built up, and soon warmly liked by all Harefield, and by the reader, never quite loses her character of "a foreign body. . . ." Harefield is one of those (to me) attractive large villages that have, down the High Street, a string of miniature town houses, what one's nurse used to call "gentry houses," facing the street and backing upon the Park. The death of old Mrs. Ellangowan-Hornby has freed one of these for the Beltons; they do actually own it, but the late lady had it on a long lease, which, with her furniture, has now passed to her nephew, Capt. Hornby, R.N. Christopher Hornby already knows Elsa, the Belton daughter, in London; and need one say that the situation develops?

Something of the delicate sadness of the *Persuasion* opening—that autumn move from the old home—hangs over the early chapters of *The Headmistress*. However, Mrs. Belton is hardly allowed time to feel: the three young Beltons all arrive home on leave (to express violent prejudice against the Hoziers' young ladies as "those beastly girls"), and almost everybody drops in to call that first afternoon, or else sends a present to soften the edge of exile. That we have, too, a strong vein of comedy also goes without saying. I can hardly wait for you to meet Dr. Morgan, Miss Pettinger, Mrs. Updike and the Mixo-Lydians. And I commend this harmonious picture of people behaving well without being prigs or bores.

## Conflict

HONOR CROOME, a novelist to be watched, has now followed up her *O Western Wind*—which, as you will no doubt remember, was about British mothers and children as wartime guests in America—with *You've Gone Astray* (Christophers; 8s. 6d.). This has, once more, a "problem" theme. Her heroine Linda is torn between her marriage and her career. This situation is not wholly new to fiction, but Mrs. Croome's handling of it is strikingly penetrating and original. The reader is shown, by a series of subtle touches, that Linda was not meant by nature to be a career girl (she is primitive, innocent and sets a high value on human ties), but this fact remains hid, till the end, from Linda herself, and tragedy is required to lay it bare. At the same time, one must notice that Mrs. Croome, herself a distinguished economist, is not subscribing to the best-selling view that, in all cases, "a home and babies are best." Linda's struggle, Linda's internal argument, are followed through with the seriousness they deserve. The verdict, I think, is that a career and marriage need not be incompatible, but that Linda's temperament made them so. Her ambitions to play her part in the outside world had been inherited from her mother and sustained by a ring of feminist friends. She took it out of her husband and lost her child through resenting the undertow of her real nature.

Linda's one frivolous friend, Kitty, provides a counterpoise. Hugh, Linda's husband, is admirably drawn—that Hugh has, also, sacrificed much to marriage Linda, in her fatuity, ignores. *You've Gone Astray* as a novel is wise and lively: it also contains a message for the innumerable Lindas of this world.

## Scientific Detection

"MURDER JIGSAW," by E. and M. A. Radford (Melrose; 8s. 6d.), has been the Crime Book Society's selection. It is a return to the type of detective story of which we perhaps have not had enough lately: that which invites—in fact, demands—attention to the process of detection for its own sake. Detective-Inspector Manson again figures. A thoroughly undesirable Colonel is found dead in a salmon-pool. Many readers may wish to seek out the Tremarden Arms, as clearly the quite ideal West-Country fishing hotel.





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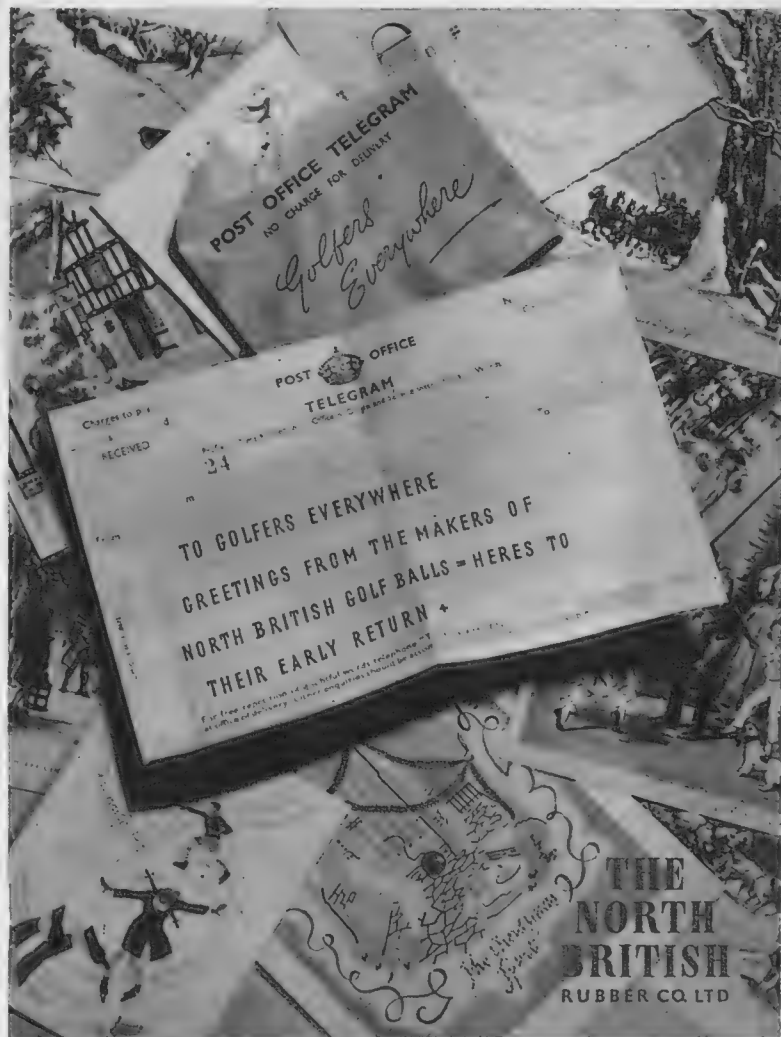
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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE men were sitting in a group in an army camp, discussing any subject that arose to pass the time.

One of the subjects was reincarnation, and one of the men was a firm believer and was giving his views to his corporal, one of the most disliked men in the camp.

"Yes," he insisted, "when we die we always return as something or someone else."

"Rubbish!" snapped the corporal. "Do you mean to say that if I died I might come back as a worm?"

"Not a hope!" put in one of the men, seizing an opportunity. "You're never the same thing twice!"

TWO little girls were being taken away from London, and as a special treat someone had given them a banana each—the first they had ever had.

As soon as one child had taken a bite of her banana the unlighted train ran into a tunnel.

"Oo, Mary," she said, "have you eaten yours yet?"

"No," replied Mary.

"Well, don't," added her sister. "They make you blind."

THE recluse was building a new home for his wife and family. Instead of building the house from the outside, he worked just the opposite. He had plenty of material at hand, and he built the house from the inside.

At length the job was complete. Four walls and a roof—nothing more. The builder surveyed his handiwork with pride.

"Well," he asked his wife. "How do you like the new place?"

"Not bad," she complimented, "but where's the door?"

The recluse put down his hammer.

"Why a door?" he demanded. "Goin' some place?"

MRS. BROWN was sitting in church listening to the sermon, when she remembered to her horror that she had put her precious Sunday joint in the oven without turning down the gas. She considered getting up and leaving the church, but then changed her mind and scribbled a note and handed it to her husband who was one of the sidesmen. He, thinking the note was for the minister, walked up and laid it on the edge of the pulpit.

The minister paused a moment in his sermon, picked up the note and to his astonishment read: "For heaven's sake, get off home and turn off the gas."

SOMEBODY once asked an American Soldier what, in his opinion, gave the American Army its special punch.

"Optimism," he answered. "You see, it's like this. The captain asks for a hundred volunteers. So we volunteer. Then he says: 'It's my duty to warn you that ninety-nine of you will probably be killed.' Well, this throws us for a minute. Then every one of those hundred soldiers heaves a sigh, looks around, and says to himself: 'Shucks, I'm gonna miss the boys!'"

THE vicar was talking to one of his flock about her young son.

"He needs a better education, Mrs. Jones," he said.

"He is a bright lad and he is worth while paying fees for. You will never regret any sacrifices you make for him. You know, I had to pinch like anything to send my sons to college, but it was worth it."

"That's all very well," replied Mrs. Jones, "but my husband's too afraid of the law to do anything like that."



"I'm from the Xmas Trick and Novelty Co."

HANNIBAL, Caesar and Napoleon were watching the war from Heaven. Hannibal said: "If only I'd had those tanks, where would Rome be now?"

Caesar said: "And if I had those American Liberators..."

Napoleon looked thoughtful for an instant and then said with a sigh: "If I'd had Goebbels, the world of today would not even know that I lost my war."

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Aerial Education

EDUCATION is increasingly devoted to the things that do not matter. And the less the things matter, the greater the sums made available for colleges, universities, laboratories and all the paraphernalia of punditry. We want, in this country, a large number of aeronautically educated people; but we ought not to become unbalanced about it. Letters in *The Times* from Mr. H. E. Wimperis and Professor R. V. Southwell have carried on the discussion—to which I have made previous reference—about how much one should pay to provide aeronautical education.

The point is, it may be recalled, that the proposed College of Aeronautics is going to demand about ten times as much to train a student as the universities already in being. Professor Southwell makes the point that the Imperial College of Science and Technology trains a student at about £189 a year. Students in non-technical subjects cost about £106 a year. But students at the College of Aeronautics may cost up to £1,200 a year.

## Design for Living

THE point seems to be to put the design for flying into its proper relationship to the design for living. I would say that we ought to settle these values before we embark on fresh educational expenditure. Eating, sleeping and excreting are the fundamentals of existence, and those who work on subjects related to them have a right to ask for higher subsidies than others. Student cooks ought to get that £1,200 a year with the other professions and callings in a descending scale.

I do seriously contend that the production and preparation of food is more important than is yet accepted. Our schools and colleges are mesmerized by paper. Yet a sense of responsibility towards life and the land, and an understanding of them, is inculcated in the young only if they are taught the whole practical process of growing and gathering, breeding and killing. Apart from the fundamentals—which we neglect so badly—aviation comes high. It is the cohesive of the British Commonwealth. It will give the Commonwealth



**Group Captain A. V. R. "Sandy" Johnstone, D.F.C., former C.O. of the City of Glasgow Squadron which he led during the Battle of Britain, played a big part in the preparation of the plans for the air invasion of Normandy. He is one of the youngest Group Captains in the R.A.F.**

a new lease of collaborative life and nothing else will give it. So among the educational subsidiaries aviation ought indeed to come high. To that extent the proposals for the College of Aeronautics demand support.

## Rockets

THERE is something strangely fascinating about V 2. The whole fantastic idea of sending something soaring into the stratosphere, guiding it to a target and then letting it fall is improbably imaginative. The ceremony of starting a rocket on its way must be as impressive when the rocket contains explosives as when it contains coloured lights. It is worth bearing in mind the possibilities of development.

I do not like the way there is an official "throwing down" of new German weapons. It has happened too often and it has not the slightest effect in blinding the ordinary man to the truth. Bombing by aircraft could not be justified if the same results could be obtained by crewless devices like flying bombs or rockets. The crewed bomber is not obsolete; but it is certainly obsolescent. Those who go to war and send men out to take risks if there is any other way of getting the same results are fools.

At the moment the crewed aircraft—as Bomber

Command repeatedly proves—can do many things the German V 1s and V 2s cannot do. At the moment the crewed bomber is master of the aerial attack method. But it will not remain so. I do not hesitate to predict that the heavy bomber will never again play so large a part in any war as it has played in this one. Let it be hoped that no future war will ever be waged. But if there were another—and the plans for securing freedom by force presuppose that there will be—the bomber would not be one of the important weapons. Aircraft in that hypothetical and unhoped-for future war will be mainly concerned with the carriage of troops and supplies. They will also be concerned with attacks made with rockets and special devices of that kind; but they will not be concerned with the ordinary dropped bomb.

## One Service

IT was disappointing to see Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard opposing, in the House of Lords the other day, the suggestion that the three fighting Services should be amalgamated to form one Service. Aircrew fully appreciates the admirable intentions behind his stout defence of the existing three-Service system; but one feels that he is perhaps too prone to neglect recent developments. If this war has proved anything, it has proved that the three fighting Services are essentially one and that so soon as they try to be separate they become inefficient. The greatest advocates of air power that have lived—General William Mitchell and General Giulio Douhet—both believed in the single-Service system. And I am convinced that air power will never be permitted to exercise its full abilities until the single-Service system is accepted.

## Prices in the Future

HOW much will light aeroplanes cost when the war has ended and there has been an interval of a few months to get things stabilized? That is a question often asked. The other day I looked up the pre-war prices of several machines. They varied from about £350 to about £700 for the ordinary, two-seater light aeroplane of the simplest kind. The Moth Minor was the most attractive proposition either in the open form (less than £600) or in the coupé form (less than £700). But there were many attractive machines such as the Luton, the Chilton and the Taylorcraft. My guess for immediate post-war prices for the smallest, simplest machine is £500, and in 1950 under £100.



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H.M. KING GEORGE VI —

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD.

# Gordon's

## Stands Supreme



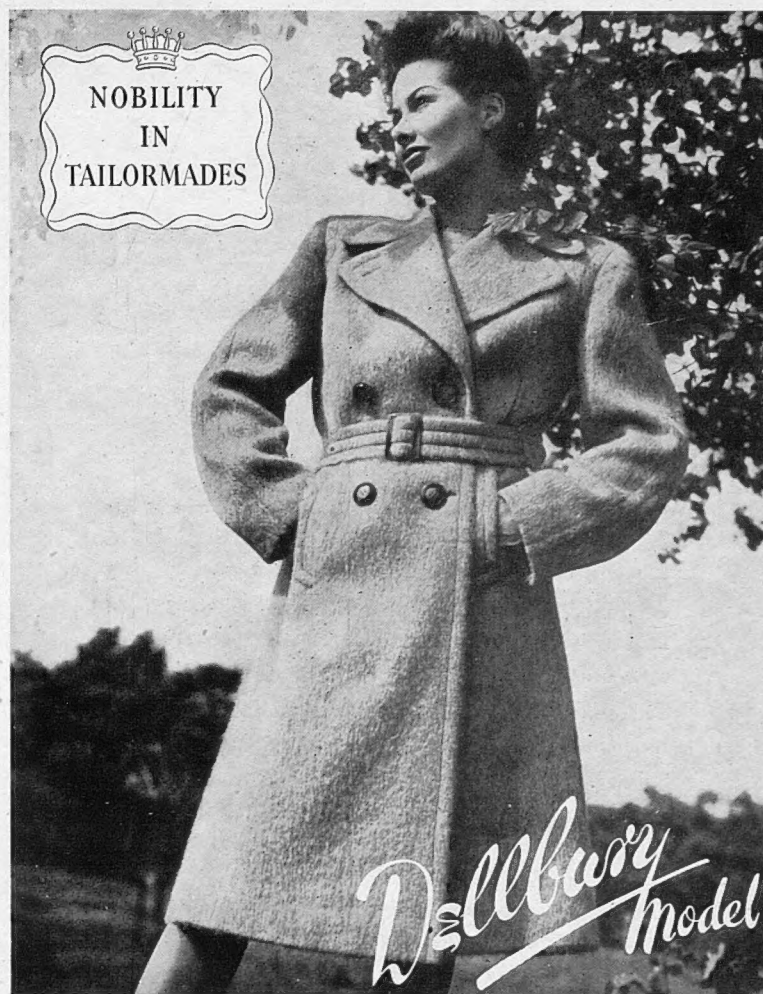
## The AUSTIN REED Service will be there

Before the war we could deal with every size and shape of customer. Our shirts had three lengths of sleeve; flannel trousers were made in nine lengths of leg and 15 different shades. Tall, not so tall, and rather less than medium size men could buy an umbrella of exactly the right length for their comfort. We had every kind of braces from the strong utilitarian type to the feather-weight elastic.

Our customers need not look back to those days with hopeless longing; they may look forward cheerfully to their return. Meanwhile, we still have good clothes and shirts and underwear for men, and the welcome we give customers has never been rationed.

**AUSTIN REED of Regent Street**

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES • LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789



WHOLESALE: DELLBURY GARMENTS LTD., 3/4A LITTLE PORTLAND STREET, W.1



Absolutely unretouched photograph of the same eyes before and after treatment.

Consultation with specialist fixed by letter only.

## OVER AND UNDER THE EYES REJUVENATED

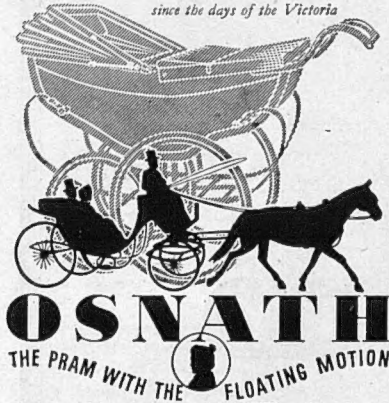
Eyes set in loose wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune and ill-health. This imperfection of the skin destroys the natural expression of even the brightest eyes.

The Hystogen method corrects painlessly and permanently all facial imperfections, and saves the face from premature decay. The Hystogen method, invented and practised by a Swiss specialist with 35 years' experience, is the scientific and genuine method of improving the face. 15,000 men and women have already benefited by this miraculous method, without the aid of which many would have to retire from active life. Literature 2/6.

**HYSTOGEN (Est. 1911), 30 Old Quebec St., London, W.1**

## EASILY THE BEST

since the days of the Victoria



The elite Baby Carriage since 1873. One day to return in all its splendour for the benefit of Babyhood  
**ASHTON BROS. & PHILLIPS LTD.**  
No. 4 OSNATH WORKS, WARRINGTON  
In the meantime we are producing one only  
Austerity Model No. 99, Price £10.10.0



**GROSSMITH**

Fine Perfumery

For over 100 years — devoted to the service of Beauty and Fragrance.



a brighter  
future with  
**ROYAL "EDISWAN" LAMPS**



(L 58)

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., 155 CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2

## SEROCALCIN PREVENTS COLDS

**S**EROCALCIN assists the **natural** defences of the body to repel organisms that cause colds. It has been prescribed by Doctors for many years.

A 30-day course of Serocalcin tablets gives 3 to 4 months immunity in some 8 out of 10 cases. Existing colds usually respond to Serocalcin in 48 hours.

There are no "drugs" in Serocalcin and no unpleasant reactions. It can be given to children with perfect safety.

The immunizing course of 60 tablets—2 daily for 30 days—costs 8/5½ inc. tax. For existing colds,—3 tablets 3 times daily—there is a special 20 tablet pack price 3/4½.

*If you suffer from colds, ask your Doctor or Chemist about Serocalcin (Reg. Trade Mark) or send 1d. stamp for booklet "Immunity from Colds"*

HARWOODS LABORATORIES LTD. WATFORD, HERTS.

## The Hand that held the Hoover drives a Tram!

Not many of our housewives are doing jobs of war-work like this! The majority are plugging away on more humdrum tasks in the factories and workshops. But whatever the job these "Housewives 1944" stick it, and run their homes as well! Many of them, now more than ever, must bless the day they bought a Hoover to save their sorely needed time and energy! We're proud to have helped them do a "double job" in war-time, and in admiration say—



## Salute!

FROM HOOVER

*Hoover users know best what improvements they would like in the post-war Hoover. Suggestions are welcome*

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI AND H.M. QUEEN MARY  
HOOVER LIMITED, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

At 2/8d. for 20, Abdulla No. 7 is a cigarette\* of outstanding quality with a charm of its own—a charm which comes from superb tobacco and masterly manufacture. It's larger and firmer than the ordinary cigarette, too.

P.S. In the wardrooms of H.M. Navy, they smoke literally millions of No. 7 every year—and you know what sailors are!

\* For Virginia smokers

## ABDULLA No. 7

# CHATWOOD

IN BOTH SPHERES

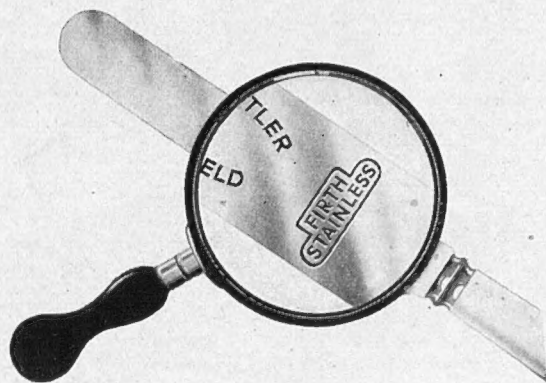
FIREPROOF • BURGLARPROOF

## SECURITY

THE CHATWOOD SAFE CO. LTD • SHREWSBURY • ENGLAND

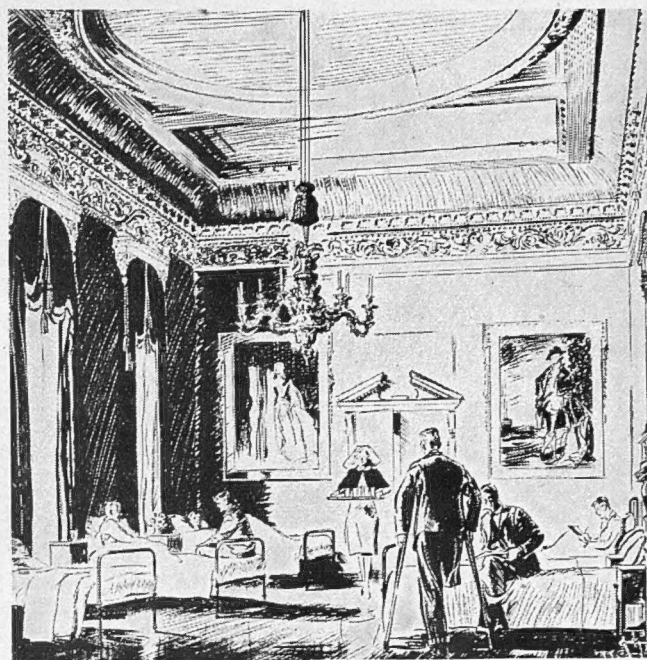


*The worlds finest cutlery  
bears the worlds finest mark*



# FIRTH STAINLESS

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD SHEFFIELD



**When Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that  
many have special need of it**

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

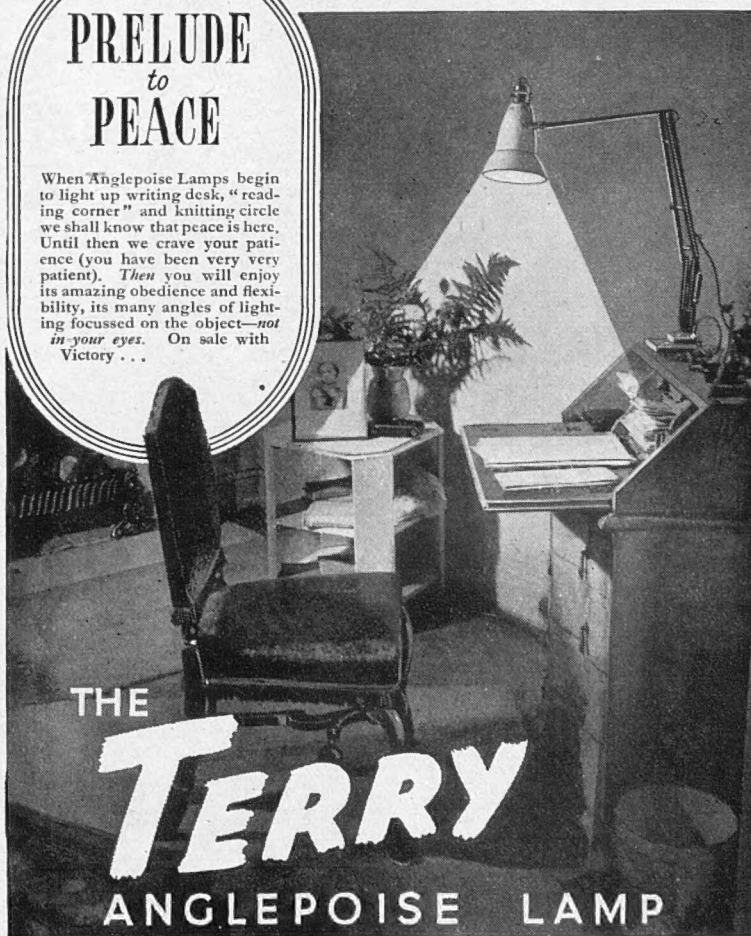
Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

**HORLICKS**

**JACQUARD**  
Newest Propaganda Scarf  
"Into Battle"  
Each square is printed with  
the 121 authentic Badges of  
every regular regiment of  
the British Army. Obtainable  
at many high class Stores  
throughout the country.  
67/- and 2 coupons - or from  
JACQUARD 16 GROSVENOR ST, LONDON W.1

## PRELUDE to PEACE

When Anglepoise Lamps begin to light up writing desk, "reading corner" and knitting circle we shall know that peace is here. Until then we crave your patience (you have been very very patient). Then you will enjoy its amazing obedience and flexibility, its many angles of lighting focussed on the object—not in your eyes. On sale with Victory...



THE  
**TERRY**  
ANGLEPOISE LAMP

SOLE MAKERS: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH, Pat. all countries.

## THE TAO CLINIC SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Permanently destroyed by advanced Electrolysis. 75 hairs destroyed for 10/6, a 20-minute sitting. Each treatment singly. No scarring. Practically painless. Moles and warts successfully removed. Medically approved. Consultations free by appointment, when a frank and honest diagnosis of each case will be given.

Appointments accepted for Saturday afternoons.

Phone KEN 9055

**175 KNIGHTSBRIDGE**

**Wartime  
shaving at  
its best**



including Purchase Tax 3d each

Obtainable only from Retailers.

JAMES NEILL & CO. (Sheffield) LTD

**VAPEX**

A Drop on your Handkerchief  
Like many other good things Vapex had to make way for more imperatively urgent needs. Throughout the war pharmaceutical work of national importance has taken and must take first place. Normal conditions will bring a return of Vapex

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.  
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England





## Vitabuoy Life-Saving OVERCOAT

**A**LTHOUGH, alas, we cannot for the present make any more of the wonderful VITABUOY Life-Saving Overcoat, we have a small number still in stock in large, medium and small size. Their price (including Purchase Tax) is 114/- and they require 16 clothing coupons.

If you need one you should order at once before it is too late. In doing so, please quote chest measurement and height.

## Vitabeau R.N. and R.A.F. RAINCOATS

**S**O far as we know, there are no VITABEAU Tropical-Interlined Coats available anywhere, but we still hold small stocks of R.N. and R.A.F. Officers' Raincoats and these can be obtained through the leading service outfitters.

## Vitabuoy Products Ltd.

Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1

Telephone: BISHopsgate 6565

## The Rail-way to Victory

The Railways are responsible for getting the raw materials and the workers to the war factories; for carrying the finished products to the ports; for transporting troops and their equipment to points of embarkation.

Wise pre-vision and long-term planning in the years before the war prepared the Railways for their great task.

GWR · LMS



LNER · SR



**WHEN THE  
SMOKE OF WAR**  
*has rolled away*

you'll see more clearly  
than ever before through  
the post war

# KERSHAW PRISM BINOCULARS

Send your name for post-war contact to our Temporary Wartime Address:

A. Kershaw & Sons Ltd.,  
3 Embassy Buildings, CHESHAM, Bucks.